

June 15

Darling -

You should see me now, living in my new and modern fox hole on my air mattress, listening to Bing Crosby on the radio, looking at your picture, and writing you a brief note.

The work continues heavy - Arnie turns lots over to me and I am rapidly accumulating quite a series * * * *
We work 8 hour shifts - on eight, then off eight. That allows but little time to get your eating, washing, digging, etc. done and I am still dog-tired. Haven't caught up on those first 3 days yet, with no sleep, continuous work, punctuated only by occasional dives into the ditch. Our present set-up is much more quiet, however, and we only get attention from Jerry at night when he lays a few eggs around just to keep us alert. No strafing for the past 3 days.

No mail yet! One month's news. At least you have heard from me pretty regularly. Saw a Stars & Stripes of June. June 12 today. The headlines seem so blatantly optimistic and pollyanna-like. I wonder if those correspondents were actually over here. Don't you believe that this is any breeze. Those guys should have my job for a day - maybe their ideas of the meaning of what's going on might grow in the significance of shattered bodies, - maimed, crippled and dead. The examples of heroism and courage and stoicism which we see constantly, and the wages of pain and physical and mental suffering they get paid off in, should be seen and shared by all the politicians, black marketeers, labor leaders, dodgers, slackers, etc., who are enjoying doing their armchair strategy back home, in the comforts of their profits. I am very glad to be here and to be doing a lot of what I can best do to help us get along with this business.

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